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No. 2.

"Take Care of No. 1!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

[Continued from p. 8.]

THE events related at the close of the last chapter made a deep impression upon the mind of Jacob Karl. Since the death of his father, it was the first time he had witnessed the work of the fell destroyer. He was then young, and the impression was comparatively slight; he had now seen one of his own age, in the very dawn of manhood, hurried from this into another world; he had seen the struggle of mind, the awful emotion of soul, with which his companion had approached the dread entrance into eternity. He looked long and earnestly upon the countenance of the young man, as he slept the sleep of death. Mute and sealed forever as were the lips, they seemed about to speak, and reveal the mysteries that lie beyond the grave.

There was something in all this that stirred the heart of our young hero to its

very foundations. He felt, for the first time in his life, that there was a depth and meaning in human existence, and human conduct, far beyond what we can imagine.

His mind was sobered, perhaps saddened; and from that hour, it is probable, the shadow never wholly passed away.

Yet Jacob, though perhaps less light of heart than before, was better and wiser for the lesson he had learnt; nor did he dwell so long upon mournful topics as to forget the duties that lay before him, and the interest that demanded his attention. He saw the body of the youth interred, and caused a neat monument of stone to be erected over it. After reflecting upon his situation for some days, he determined to return to the scenes of his childhood. He had there some debts of gratitude to pay; and the means of removing a reproach, that had long rested upon his name, being now in his hands, he was anxious to accomplish that object.

No sooner had the purpose of returning been definitely formed, than a feeling of unwonted cheerfulness sprang up in his mind. He entered the first vessel that was bound to the place to which he desired to go, and was soon on his way thither. The voyage lasted fourteen days. During this period, Jacob was naturally led to review the events which had occurred since his flight from prison, some six years before.

During this period, he had passed from youth to early manhood. He had seen a good deal of life, and had his share of experience. Though he had suffered much, he had enjoyed his share of pleasure; and though he had not avoided folly and vice, he was still greatly improved. He had fully dismissed the narrow maxim of his early days. Perhaps nothing had occurred to make him so strongly feel its folly, as the circumstances which connected him with the last hours of Richard Grater.

That unhappy youth had been the chief cause of Jacob's early disgrace and imprisonment, his flight from home, and the long wanderings that ensued. He had made an attempt to take away his life — subjected him to extreme peril, and a series of tedious privations.

In the selfish state of mind which characterized his youth, Jacob would have found it impossible to do otherwise than hate one who had been the occasion of so much suffering. It would have been the first dictate of his "Take care of No. One" policy, to have rejoiced in his misery, and to have said triumphantly in his dying ear, "Go, wretch, and reap the retribution of your crimes!" How different was his actual conduct! He sat by

the side of the sufferer, every emotion of resentment lulled to rest, his bosom only stirred by sympathy and pity. He bestowed his full and hearty forgiveness upon the offender; he did all in his power to soften the agonies of the sick bed; and when he came afterwards to reflect upon these things, there seemed to issue from them, even amid the sadness of the occasion, a sweet remembrance — a holy light which cheered and gratified his heart. He saw now, distinctly, what he had not fully understood before — that mere selfishness is not the best way to take care of No. One; that there is, indeed, deeper and purer enjoyment in doing good deeds for the benefit of others, than in acting solely for self. A new door appeared to be opened into the human heart, and through it he seemed to enter a new chamber, rendered light and beautiful by the fruits of charity, kindness, and peace.

The little vessel at last reached her destined port; and Jacob, with keen emotion, sprang upon the wharf, where he had landed some years before, at the time he was placed under the care of farmer Lane. He walked to the village, and took up lodgings for the night at the inn. No one recognized in the full-grown, manly form of the sailor, the somewhat thin and weasand figure of their former acquaintance, Jacob Karl. While he was sitting in the bar-room, however, a conversation took place among the persons present, which made his cheeks tingle.

"This is very queer news," said an old man, who was smoking his pipe — "very queer news, that came last week from the West Indies."

"What is it?" said the landlord. "I have not heard any thing about it."

"Why, Dick Grater is dead."

"Who was Dick Grater?" was the reply.

"Why, do you not remember that scapegrace, the son of old Dolly Grater?"

"What," said the landlord, "she that lives out at Hard Patch? Yes, yes, I remember him well, and a real skylark he was. I have often had him here, and he was the wildest spark that ever darkened the doors of the Brown Mug. He is dead, is he?"

"Yes; and what's more, he left a dying confession, declaring that it was he who set fire to old Baldwin's barn!"

"Pooh!" said the landlord, emphatically; "I had an idea that it was him all the time. They laid it to a young fellow by the name of Karl, or Snarl, or something of the kind; but I thought it was Dick all the time."

"You have a great knack of foretelling things after they have happened," said the smoker. "However, it is a strange story all round. Here, this young fellow Karl was hunted down like a wolf. He was kept in prison for six months, and only saved his neck by running away; yet, after all, the fellow was innocent of the crime charged against him. Well, well! all comes right in the end. The real rogue has gone to his last account; and who knows but Jacob Karl may turn out somebody after all?" The old man closed this sentence by a tremendous whiff of smoke, and after a short pause, the conversation turned to other topics.

The next morning, Jacob set out to take a survey of those objects in the village with which he had formerly been familiar, and around which his memory still

lingered with interest. A walk of an hour brought him to the residence of farmer Lane. There stood the old mansion, the same as in former days, though it seemed browner and somewhat less in size than when he left it. All around had the same air of carelessness and abundance which belonged to other days. With many mingled emotions, Jacob looked around upon various objects, many of which were associated with pleasant or painful recollections. He came at last in front of the house, entered the gate, and walked to the door. It was opened, and in the entry sat the old farmer himself. He was reading, but immediately took his eyes from the paper, and, looking over his spectacles, gazed keenly at the youth. Jacob hesitated — his tongue faltered. He thought, perhaps, of steelyards and stolen cherries: perchance some recollection of broken eggs, running down his face, disturbed his equanimity; or perchance he might feel that, during an absence of six years, some fatal mischance might have attended her whose name he was about to pronounce.

At last he spoke. "Is Mabel — Mabel Lane at home?" said he in a low tone.

"Mabel!" said the old man; "yes — no, no; she has just gone away. She has gone to spend the day with her cousins at Hemlock Lane. Won't you walk in?"

Jacob made a hasty adieu; and while the old man walked to the door and gazed after him, he stepped lightly forward, and was soon out of view.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGION is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.



Wonders of Biography.

WE propose to give our readers a series of sketches respecting the lives of very remarkable persons, who have lived in different ages and different parts of the world. We shall begin with

No. I.

APOLLONIUS TYANÆUS.

APOLLONIUS — whose surname of Tyanaeus is derived from Tyana, a city of

Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, the place where he was born — is one of the most remarkable characters in all antiquity. By some writers, he has been regarded as a philosopher and sage, by some as a fanatic, and by others as a crafty impostor. During his lifetime, he was revered as a divine person, and after his death, he was even worshipped as a god.

In the story of his life, it is difficult to

separate the facts from the exaggerations and inventions which have been added by his biographers. We shall relate what is said of him by ancient authors, and what was firmly believed by his followers and admirers.

He was born, as above stated, at Tyana, four years before Christ. Wonders are said to have marked the hour of his birth. A marvellous flash of lightning fell from the sky, and darted back again; the swans in a meadow flocked round him, clapping their wings with an unearthly sound, &c. But similar tales are told of Mohammed, and numerous other persons, who from obscure birth have raised themselves to celebrity.

The father of Apollonius was a rich citizen of Tyana, and he sent his son to be educated at Tarsus, in Cilicia. But the young man, disliking the luxury and indolence of the people of this place, obtained leave to remove to Ægæ, a town not far distant, where he pursued the study of philosophy, undisturbed by the dissipations of the greater city. He embraced the doctrines of Pythagoras, who, in imitation of the Egyptian priests, subjected his pupils to a strict course of discipline. They were compelled to begin their studies by a silence of five years, during which time, they had the privilege of listening, but were not allowed to speak a single word. Even afterwards, they were expected always to discourse with moderation. They were obliged to throw all their property into a common stock, and to abstain from eating beans, and certain other articles of food.

In conformity to the institutions of Pythagoras, the young philosopher Apollonius refrained from animal food, and lived

entirely upon fruits and herbs. He wore linen garments, walked barefooted, and suffered his hair to grow to its full length. In the town of Ægæ was a temple consecrated to the god Æsculapius, which was famous through all the country for its miraculous cures performed upon sick persons by the god of health. The priests of this temple found means to persuade their credulous votaries that the god himself sometimes condescended to become visible to mortals.

Apollonius took up his residence in this temple, and is supposed to have been initiated by the priests into their arts of imposture. He went through a probationary discipline of five years' silence, during which time he travelled and visited various cities of Pamphylia and Cilicia, without speaking a word; yet, by his looks and gestures, conveying to the people instruction and admonition.

At the city of Aspenda, the corn speculators had made an artificial famine, by buying up all the grain. A riot was the consequence, and the whole city was thrown into confusion. Apollonius was walking in the market-place during the tumult. The men, women, and children, were running up and down, crying out that they were starving; and the more furious of them armed themselves with firebrands, lighted fagots, and torches, to burn the governor of the city alive. Apollonius made signs to the people to be quiet; he then took a style and tablet, and wrote as follows to the corn speculators: —

“The earth, the common mother of all, is just. But ye, being unjust, would make her a bountiful mother to yourselves alone. Leave off your dishonest traffic,

or you shall no longer be suffered to live." This was read in the presence of the whole multitude, and produced so instantaneous an effect, that the speculators immediately opened their stores, and relieved the people. This transaction was exaggerated into a miracle; but we see nothing in it more than the operation of natural causes.

After the termination of his novitiate of silence, Apollonius visited Antioch, Ephesus, and other cities, where he collected a train of disciples, whom he instructed by his lectures and conversation. He also delivered harangues in public, inculcating good morals and orderly habits. He then resolved to travel, by the way of Babylon, to India, in order to visit the Brahmins, whose wisdom was famous all over the East. His disciples had not the courage to accompany him on so long a journey, and he travelled with only three companions. One of these, named Damis, wrote an account of this journey, and informs us that Apollonius understood all languages, even those of animals; and that he could even read the thoughts of men.

On his way to Babylon, Apollonius, seeing a lioness with eight whelps, killed by some huntsmen, predicted to Damis that the time of their stay with the king of Babylon would be a year and eight months, which of course came to pass. He was received by the monarch with great favor, and so delighted him with the wisdom of his discourse, that the king gave him the privilege of asking twelve gifts. But the philosopher demanded nothing except food for his journey. The king gave him camels to ride upon and to carry his provisions. He crossed the lofty mountains

on the north of Hindostan; and here, we are told, on a moonlight night, the travelers met one of those ghosts, or hobgoblins, called by the Greeks an *empusa*. His companions were very much frightened; but Apollonius cried out lustily, and called the hobgoblin all the hard names he could invent, on which it immediately gave a loud shriek and disappeared. Such is the Greek ghost-story, and it is probably as true as most others of this character.

Having crossed the mountains, they arrived at a city called Taxila, which was the residence of the Indian king. This monarch, Phraortes, a descendant of Porus, paid great attention to Apollonius, and recommended him to the chief Brahmins. These men, we are told, revealed to him all their secrets, and compelled him to recognize their superiority in working miracles. It is supposed that the art of jugglery, which the Hindoos of the present day practise with such astonishing effect, was also well known at that time, and that, by the acquisition of this knowledge, Apollonius was enabled to perform the feats which afterwards gained him the character of a magician.

Having travelled over India, he returned to Europe by the way of the Red Sea. So great was the fame which he had now acquired, that, when he entered Ephesus, the whole population of the city crowded to see him. Even the artisans and laborers left their work to follow him through the streets. The Ephesians were notorious for their profligate manners; Apollonius threatened them with a pestilence unless they reformed. After he had left their city, the plague made its appearance there. The inhabitants sent

messengers to Apollonius, who was then at Smyrna, requesting him to drive away the plague. In the twinkling of an eye, we are told, he transported himself to Ephesus, and appeared in the midst of a crowd at the theatre. He pointed to a beggar, and ordered the people to stone him. They immediately showered stones upon him, till he was covered under an enormous heap. The next day, Apollonius ordered them to remove the stones; when lo! the beggar had disappeared, and a dog was found in his place, into which the demon of the plague had entered, and the ravages of the pestilence instantly ceased.

Apollonius then visited Pergamus, and the seat of ancient Troy. He passed a night alone at the tomb of Achilles, where, as we are told, he raised that hero from the dead by the power of an incantation which he had learned in India, and held a conversation with him. He then made a tour through the cities of Greece, visiting Athens, Sparta, Olympia, and other famous places. He addressed the people with great eloquence in the character of a reformer, exhorting them to amend their vicious manners. At Athens, he is said to have cured a demoniac, on which occasion, the demon, who was cast out, made his escape with such fury as to throw down a marble statue which stood near him. While he was in the Island of Crete, an earthquake took place; and Apollonius, in the midst of the shock, cried out, "The sea is bringing forth land!" At this instant, we are assured, an island rose out of the sea between Crete and Theræ.

From Crete he went to Rome, where the Emperor Nero had just issued an edict, banishing from the city all persons

who practised magical arts. Apollonius knew that he should be comprehended in this description; but he was not to be deterred from his purpose. He boldly ventured into the city, and, being arrested and carried before the magistrates, he intimidated his judges by restoring to life the dead body of a noble lady, and predicting an eclipse of the sun.

Apollonius next went to Spain, where he raised a sedition against Nero. He then visited Africa, the south of Italy, and Sicily, where he heard of the death of Nero. He afterwards travelled in Egypt and Ethiopia, and sought to discover the sources of the Nile. In Egypt, Vespasian was then endeavoring to establish his power. That prince knew the value of such an auxiliary as Apollonius, who appears to have been well practised in the arts of gaining popularity; and he attached him to his interest by consulting him as a sort of divine oracle. In return, the philosopher employed his influence among the people in favor of Vespasian.

He was also consulted on matters of government by Titus, the successor of Vespasian. When this prince refused a crown of victory for capturing Jerusalem, Apollonius wrote him this laconic epistle: "Apollonius to Titus, emperor of the Romans, sendeth greeting. Since you refuse to be applauded for bloodshed and victory in war, I send you the crown of moderation. You know to what kind of merit crowns are due."

When Domitian became emperor, Apollonius declared against him, and took the part of his rival Nerva. For this he was arrested and carried to Rome. There, he was arraigned before the emperor; and, instead of being intimidated

by his presence, he launched out into praises of Nerva. Domitian ordered him to be thrown into prison, and loaded with chains; and some days afterward he was carried into court, and put upon a formal trial. In the midst of the pleadings, as the story is related, he suddenly vanished from sight, and transported himself to Puteoli, 150 miles distant.

From Italy he made his escape into Greece, and thence into Asia Minor, where, after many rambles, he settled at Ephesus. Here he established a school or college for teaching the Pythagorean philosophy, and collected many disciples and students. In this place, one of the most marvellous events of his life took place, as it is related by the historian Dion Cassius. Apollonius was in the midst of a public lecture, when suddenly he stopped short, and, changing his tone, exclaimed, "Well done, Stephen! take courage, kill the tyrant! kill him!" Then, after a short pause, he exclaimed, "The tyrant is dead!" At that very moment Domitian was assassinated in Rome by a person named Stephen. Some writers explain this extraordinary occurrence by supposing Apollonius to have been previously acquainted with the plot which led to the tyrant's death.

After this we hear nothing of Apollonius, except that Nerva wrote to him on his accession to the empire, soliciting the aid of his counsels, and that he returned the following answer: "O emperor, we shall live together during a very long period, in which we shall have no authority over others, nor shall others have any authority over us." This is considered as intimating his expectation that they would soon live together in another world.

Concerning the time, place, or manner of the death of Apollonius, we have no certain information, unless we are disposed to credit a miraculous account, to the following purport:—

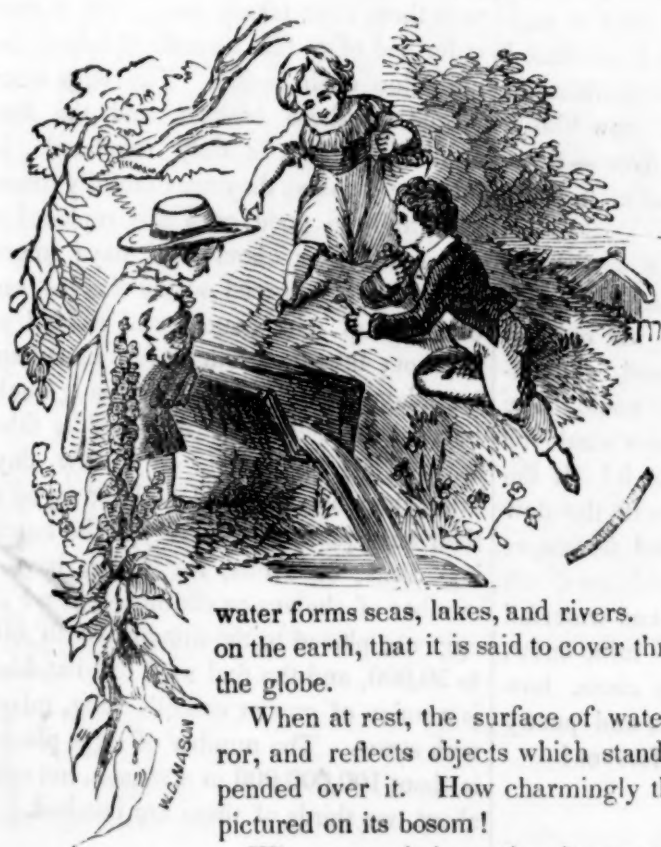
He was condemned to death by the Cretans; and, after being loaded with chains, was shut up in the temple of Dictynna, to be devoured by dogs. When the temple was reopened, Apollonius was not to be found; the chains were discovered shattered to pieces, and voices of invisible virgins were heard proclaiming his elevation to the skies. So much for the Cretan story; but all accounts agree that he lived to the age of ninety-seven.

Such is the outline of the history of this extraordinary man, as transmitted to us by the writers of antiquity. It is not easy to conjecture what part of these marvels are pure impostures, and what part are exaggerations of real events. Apollonius was certainly a man of uncommon talent, and was perhaps one of those pretenders to miraculous power, who were not uncommon in his age. His great celebrity appears from numerous attestations to be found in ancient history. In his lifetime he was called a god, and accepted that appellation, saying that every good man ought to be honored with it. After his death, he long continued to be ranked among the divinities. The inhabitants of Tyana dedicated a temple to his name. The Ephesians erected a statue to him, in commemoration of his delivering them from the plague. The Emperor Aurelian refrained from sacking Tyana out of reverence to his memory. Divine honors were paid to him by many of the emperors, and magical virtue was attributed to his name.

It is very certain that Apollonius imposed not only upon the vulgar and the ignorant, but upon those who called themselves enlightened. The most probable supposition is, that, like his master Pythagoras, he varied his arts of delusion according to the character of those with whom he dealt. With wise men he acted the part of a philosopher; and among the vulgar he passed himself off

for a magician. Of his motives of action, we can only form a conjecture; but he seems to have been infected with the very common failing of a desire to excite the astonishment of mankind by any means that lay in his power. His efforts appear to have been crowned with great success; but how he was able to practise his deceptions through a long life, undetected, it is impossible for us to conjecture.

Water.



THERE are few things in nature so beautiful as water; and this beauty is increased by the variety of forms in which it appears. It first comes to us in the shape of rain, descending from the heavens. It is then broken into myriads of drops, each one of which is a little round shining globe. Sometimes it is frozen, and comes sailing down from the clouds in white crystals, which we call snow. Collected in large masses,

water forms seas, lakes, and rivers. So great is the quantity of it on the earth, that it is said to cover three quarters of the surface of the globe.

When at rest, the surface of water becomes smooth as a mirror, and reflects objects which stand along its border, or are suspended over it. How charmingly the banks of a lake are often pictured on its bosom!

When water is in motion, it presents a great variety of aspects; the sea, lashed by the tempest, rises into furious and foaming waves, sometimes dashing ships in pieces, and bursting with terrific roar against the rocky margin of the deep.

Water flowing over the land is called a *river*; if the stream be small, it is called a *rill*, *rivulet*, or *brook*. What can be more charming than a little stream of water just setting out upon its course! It rises in some quiet spring, and issues timidly forth, turning hither and thither to avoid the stones, and occasionally falling headlong over some obstacle that crosses its path. It goes on and on, increasing by receiving other streams into its bosom, and, flowing broader and deeper, at last loses itself in the sea.

How pleasing is all this to the eye; and how many pleasant images does it suggest to the mind! How like to childhood is the rivulet—toddling and tumbling in its course at the beginning! how like to manhood is the deep, broad river—flowing bravely on for a time, and at last disappearing in the ocean!

In these, and many other ways, this element contributes to our pleasure. We speak not now of its utility, but only of its beauty; we could not indeed live without water; but even if we could, how large a share of our happiness would be destroyed if we could not see it! If the clouds were to disappear,—if the dew that sprinkles the shrub and flower, as with diamonds, was to vanish,—if sea and lake and river, stream and waterfall were to be annihilated,—if rain, snow, and mist, were to come no more, how large a share of the pleasure and poetry of the world would be gone forever!

Books are food for the mind, and are as necessary to a sound state of intellect, as food is to the vigor of the body.

Incubation.

THE period for hatching eggs by the natural process at 104 degrees is, with hens, three weeks; with geese and ducks, a month; with pigeons, eighteen days; and with swans, six weeks. An artificial process has been adopted in various parts of the world. In China, a hatching-house for ducks consists of a long shed, with mud walls, and thickly thatched with straw. In this building a number of round straw baskets are placed, well plastered with mud to prevent them from taking fire. The bottom is formed of a tile, a small fireplace being below each basket. The eggs being placed in these baskets, and the fires lighted, the heat is duly regulated. In four or five days they are carefully examined, and the good ones are replaced in the basket for about ten days more. They are then spread out on shelves, and covered up with cotton, and a kind of blanket; thus they remain for about fourteen days longer, when the young ducks burst their shells, and the shed is filled with living creatures. In a few days after, the whole are sold, and conveyed to their new quarters. In Egypt, the hatching-rooms, or ovens, for fowls, have a number of shelves or chambers, in which eggs are placed to the amount of 20,000 to 50,000, and the fuel used for hatching is a union of cow or camel's dung, mixed with straw. The number of eggs placed is about 100,000,000 in a season, but only about two thirds of them are hatched.

A FOX is cunning, but he is more cunning who catches him.



ALL young people are fond of fables and fairy tales. Many of these are pleasing, and some are instructive. We give our readers a taste of these things now and then. In our last number we introduced a queer story about a top and ball, and now we shall

copy a wild and strange tale by the same author. His name is given in the preceding picture. He has written many stories, some of which are very good. We intend to select one or two more at a future day from his collection.

The Swans.

IN AR, far from here, in the land whither the swallows fly when with us it is winter, there dwelt a king, who had eleven sons, and one daughter named Elise. The eleven brothers, princes all, went to school with stars on their breast and swords at their side. They wrote on golden tablets with pencils of diamond; and they could read in any book, and out of any book; you heard in a moment that they were princes. Their sister Elise sat on a little stool of looking-glass, and had a picture-book that had cost half a kingdom.

What a happy life the children led! but it was not to last long.

Their father, the king of the whole country, married a wicked queen, who treated the children very ill. On the very first day they felt the difference. There was a great festival at the palace, and the children played at visiting; but instead of having roasted apples and cakes, as formerly, the queen gave them only sand in little saucers, and said, "they must fancy it was something good to eat."

The following week, she sent little sister Elise to some peasants, in the country; and it was not long before she had something bad of the princes to tell the king, so that he no longer cared much about them.

"Be off! go into the world, and take care of yourselves!" said the wicked queen. "Fly off in the shape of large dumb birds!" But yet she could not make it quite so bad as she wished; and into eleven beautiful white swans were the princes changed. With a strange

cry, they flew out of the windows of the palace, and disappeared over the park and the wood.

It was still very early in the morning when they passed by the place where Elise was lying asleep in the peasant's cottage. They flew in circles round the roof, turned their long necks here and there, and beat the air with their wings; but nobody heard or saw them, and they were obliged to continue their flight up into the clouds, and over the wide world. Then they flew to the great gloomy wood, which extended to the sea-shore.

Poor little Elise stood in the peasant's room, and played with a green leaf; for it was the only thing she had to play with. She made a hole in the leaf, and through it peeped at the sun; and it seemed to her as though she saw the bright eyes of her brothers; and as often as the warm sunbeams fell on her cheeks, she thought of her brothers' kisses.

Each day passed like the other. If the wind blew through the great rose-tree before the house, it whispered to the roses, "Who is more lovely than ye are?" But the roses shook their heads and said, "Elise is far more lovely!" And if the old wife sat on a Sunday before the cottage-door, and read in her book of hymns, the wind turned over the leaves, and said to the book, "Who is more pious than thou?" "Elise!" answered the hymn-book; and what the roses and the hymn-book said was quite true.

When Elise was fifteen years old, she was to return home; but as soon as the queen saw how beautiful she was, she took such an aversion to her, that she would have liked to change her into a wild swan, like her brothers. However,

she did not dare to do so, because the king wanted to see his daughter.

One morning early, the queen went into her bath, which was of marble, and ornamented with soft cushions and costly carpets. She took three toads, kissed them, and said to one of them, "Do thou sit on the head of Elise when she goes to bathe, that she may become as lazy and drowsy as thou art." "Sit thou on her forehead," said she to another, "that she may grow as ugly as thou art, so that her father may not recognize her." "Do thou lie in her bosom," said she to the third, "that her heart may be tainted, and that she may grow wicked, and be her own punishment."

Then she put the toads into the clear water, which immediately assumed a greenish color; and she called Elise, undressed her, and made her step into the bath, and put her head under the water. And then one toad sat in her hair, the other on her forehead, and the third on her bosom; but Elise did not seem to remark it. When she left the bath there swam three red poppies on the water; and had the animals not been poisonous, and kissed by the witch, they would have been turned into roses, from tarrying a while on Elise's heart and head. She was too pious for witchcraft to have any power over her.

When the wicked queen saw this, she rubbed the child all over with walnut-juice, till she was of a dark brown color; smeared her lovely face with a stinking ointment and made her fine long hair hang in wild confusion. To recognize the beautiful Elise was now impossible.

When her father saw her, he started, and said that she was not his daughter.

Nobody knew her again, except the hound and the swallow; but they were poor creatures, who had nothing to say in the matter.

Poor Elise wept bitterly, and thought of her eleven brothers, not one of whom did she see at the palace. Much afflicted, she stole away, and walked across field and moor to the large forest. She knew not whither she wanted to go; but she was very dejected, and had such a longing after her brothers, who, no doubt, had been turned adrift in the world too! them would she seek, and she was determined to find them.

She had not been long in the forest before night came on, and she lost her way in the dark. So she laid herself down in the soft moss, said her evening prayer, and leaned her head on the stump of a tree. It was so still in the forest, the air was so mild, and around in the grass and on the moss there gleamed the green light of many hundred glow-worms; and when she gently touched one of the branches with her hand, the radiant insects came down to her like falling stars.

The whole night she dreamed of her brothers: they played again like children, wrote on golden tablets with pencils of diamond, and looked at the pretty picture-book that had cost half a kingdom; but on the tablets they did not merely write, as formerly, strokes and O's; no, now they described the bold deeds that they had accomplished, and the strange fortunes they had experienced; and in the picture-book all was animated — the birds sang, the men stepped out of the book and spoke with Elise and her brothers; but when she turned over a leaf, in they jumped

again directly, in order that the pictures might not get into confusion.

When Elise awoke, the sun was already high in the heaven: it is true she could not see it, the high trees interwove their leafy branches so closely; but the sunbeams played upon them, and looked like a waving golden gauze. There was such a fragrance from the verdure; and the birds almost perched on Elise's shoulder. She heard the water splashing; for there were many considerable brooks, which all met in a pond with a beautiful sandy bottom; 'tis true thick bushes grew all round it; but the deer had broken a broad way through, and on this path Elise went to the water. It was so clear, that if the boughs and the bushes had not been waved backwards and forwards by the wind, one would have been forced to believe that they were painted, and lay down at the bottom, so distinctly was every leaf reflected, those that glowed in the sunlight as well as those which lay in the shade.

When Elise saw her face in the water, she was much frightened, so brown and ugly did she look; but when she wetted her little hand and rubbed her eyes and forehead, the white skin appeared again; and Elise laid her clothes aside and stepped into the fresh water, — a more lovely royal child than she was not to be found in the whole world.

After she had dressed herself and braided her long hair, she went to the bubbling spring, drank out of the hollow of her hand, and wandered farther into the wood — she herself knew not whither. She thought of her brothers, thought of the ever-watchful and good God, who would certainly not forsake her; for it was he who made the wild apples to

grow, to give food to the hungry; and he showed her a tree whose branches bent down under the weight of the fruit. Here she dined, put props under the branches, and then went into the thickest part of the wood. It was so still there that she heard her own footsteps, and the rustle of every withered leaf that bent beneath her feet. Not a bird was to be seen, not a sunbeam penetrated the thick foliage-roof; and the high trunks stood so near together, that when she looked straight forward, a grating of wooden beams seemed to close around her: O, it was a solitude such as Elise had never known! And the night was so dark — not a single glow-worm shone! Much afflicted, she lay down to sleep; and there it seemed to her as if the boughs above her parted, and the ever-watchful and good God looked down upon her with an eye of love, and a thousand little angels peeped forth to gaze at her from the clouds.

On awaking the next morning, she did not know if it were a dream, or if it had really happened.

She went a few steps farther on, when she met an old woman with a basket full of berries. The old woman gave her some. Elise asked her if she had not seen eleven princes riding through the wood.

"No!" answered the woman; "but yesterday I saw eleven swans, with golden crowns on their heads, swim down the stream near here."

And she led Elise to a hill, at whose foot a brook flowed winding along; the trees on either bank stretched their long, leafy branches towards each other, and where, on account of their natural growth, they were unable to meet, the roots had

loosened themselves from the earth and hung interwoven over the water.

Elise bade the old woman farewell, and walked on by the side of the brook to the spot where it flowed into the great and open sea.

The whole sea lay spread out before the maiden; but not a sail, not a boat was to be seen. How was she to go on? She looked at the countless pebbles on the shore; they were all smooth and rounded by the water; glass, iron, stones — all that lay on the shore had received this form from the water; and yet it was much softer than her little delicate hand. "It rolls on untiringly, and even what is hard is smoothened. Not less untiring will I be: thanks for the lesson, ye clear rolling waves; some day — so my heart tells me — ye will bear me to where my dear brothers are!"

On the sea-weed which was washed up on the shore lay eleven white swans' feathers; Elise collected them into a nosegay: some drops were hanging on them, but whether dew or tears it was impossible to distinguish. On the shore it was very solitary, but she felt it not; for the sea presented an eternal change — more in one single hour than the lakes could show in a whole year. If a black cloud came, it was as if the sea would say, "I too can look gloomy;" and then the wind blew, and the waves turned their white sides outermost; but if the clouds looked red, and the winds slept, then the sea was like a rose-leaf — now it was green, now white; but however still it might rest, there was on the shore a gentle motion, and the water heaved slightly, like a sleeping infant's bosom.

As the sun was going down, Elise saw

eleven wild swans, with golden crowns on their heads, flying towards the land: they flew one behind the other, and looked like a long white pennon. Then Elise climbed up the hill, and hid herself behind some bushes; the swans alighted close to her, and fluttered their large white wings.

The sun sank into the water, and suddenly the swan-like forms disappeared, and eleven handsome princes, Elise's brothers, stood before her. She uttered a loud cry; for although they were greatly changed, Elise knew — felt they were her brothers; and she threw herself in their arms, calling them by name; and the brothers were so happy when they saw and recognized their dear little sister who was now grown so tall and beautiful. They laughed and wept; and they had soon told each other how ill their step-mother had treated them all.

"We fly as wild swans," said the eldest of the brothers, "as long as the sun is above the horizon; but when he has set we appear in our human form again. We must, therefore, take good heed at such time to have a resting-place; for were we flying then in the clouds, we should drop down as men into the deep below. This is not our dwelling-place: a land as beautiful as this lies beyond the sea; but the way is long, — we must cross the vast ocean, and there is no island on our passage where we could pass the night; there is but a small, solitary rock, that rises out of the waves; it is only large enough for us to stand side by side upon it, and so to take our rest: if the sea be troubled, then the water dashes high over our heads. But yet we thank Heaven for even this resting-place: there we pass the night in our human

form; and without this cliff we should never be able to visit our beloved country; for it takes two of the longest days of the year to accomplish our flight. Once a year only are we permitted to revisit the home of our fathers: we may stay here eleven days; and then we fly over the large forest, whence we can espy the palace in which our father dwells, and where we were born; whence we can see the high tower of the church in which our mother lies. Here the very trees and bushes seem familiar to us; here the wild horses still dash over the plains as when we saw them in our childhood; the charcoal-burner sings the same old tune to which we danced in our youth; all here has charms for us, and here we have found thee, dear little sister! Two days more are we permitted to stay, and then we must away over the sea to a pleasant land; but, lovely as it is, it is not the country of our birth. And thou, Elise, how can we take thee with us? We have neither ship nor boat."

"O, how can I set ye free?" said their sister. And so they spoke together nearly the whole night; a few hours only were given to sleep.

The next morning Elise was awakened by the rustling of swans' wings rushing by over her head. Her brothers were again changed into swans, and flew around in large circles, and at last they were far, far off. But one of them, the youngest, staid with her; he laid his head on her lap, and she stroked his large white wings: the whole day they staid together. Towards evening the others returned; and when the sun was gone down, there they stood again in their natural shapes.

"To-morrow," said the youngest, "we must fly hence, and may not return before the end of another year; but we cannot leave thee here. Hast thou courage to follow us? My arm is strong enough to carry thee through the wood: the wings of us all would surely then be powerful enough to bear thee over the sea."

"Yes, take me with you," said Elise. And they spent the whole night in weaving a sort of mat of the flexible bark of the willow and of tough bulrushes; and when finished it was large and strong. Elise laid herself upon it; and when the sun appeared, and her brothers were again changed into wild swans, they took the mat in their bills, and flew with their dear sister, who still slept, high up into the clouds. The rays of the sun fell full upon her face; so one of the swans flew above her head, that he might overshadow her with his broad wings.

They were far distant from land when Elise awoke. She thought she must be in a dream, so strange did it seem to her to be borne thus through the air high above the ocean. Beside her lay a branch with ripe juicy berries, and a bundle of palatable roots: these her youngest brother had gathered and placed near her; and she looked up to him with a smile of gratitude; for she recognized him in the swan that flew above her head and shaded her with his wings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Spaniards say, in a long run, the tortoise beats the greyhound; that is, perseverance will accomplish more than swiftness.



The Polygars.

THE Polygars are mountaineers of Hindostan. They inhabit the thickest woody fastnesses of that country, and practise robbery as a profession during peace; but, in time of war, they act as regular soldiers in the defence of their country against invaders.

They derive their name from the *pol-lams*, or thick forests, which exist abundantly in all the southern part of Hindostan. They have a sort of government, organized under military leaders, and levy *black mail*, as the Scotch call it, upon their neighbors; that is, they tax them for protecting their property, or for abstaining from plundering it. The people of Hindostan are under the necessity of tolerating this singular banditti; many of the

Polygar chieftains are so powerful as to be able to bring 15,000 or 20,000 men into the field. When they are not paid for sparing a territory, they seize the cattle, cut and carry off the crops of grain, &c. If they meet with opposition they commit murder; yet, when a war breaks out, the inhabitants intrust to these bands, for protection, their old and infirm people, their wives, children, and treasures.

THE king of Congo, when the wind blows his hat off, lays a tax on that part of his dominions from which the wind comes. Many despotical governments have as little reason for imposing their taxes.

Talks and Walks.

[Continued from p. 19.]

CHAPTER VI.

AT an early hour the next day, we proceeded to the depot, and took our seats in the cars. The steam popped, puffed, and fizzed; the conductors chattered; the passengers ran hither and thither, very much as they do, under the same circumstances, in Yankee land. We bought our tickets, took our seats, and set forward upon the track. Slowly and smoothly we began; but soon the objects seemed to fly by us with the swiftness of arrows. Houses, trees, rocky banks, hills, and hill-sides, dashed past the windows, thus showing that we sped forward with great rapidity.

The tracks of the road were so smooth that we hardly seemed to move; and it was only by looking out of the window, that we became sensible of our speed. Away we went, my companions gazing forth with all their eyes. Every thing appeared strange. There were no white wooden houses, no fields checkered with stone walls or railed fences, to be seen. The country was what is called *undulating*; that is, rising into low hills, and sinking into moderate valleys. The surface, through long cultivation, looked smooth as a carpet. The fields seemed ploughed by rule and compass. Ike remarked that the traces of the plough in the field reminded him of ruled music paper. The separate farms were only divided by ditches, so that the whole country seemed a common; divided into squares and patches, however, by different crops.

There were very few farm-houses scat-

tered here and there; nearly all the people seemed to live in villages, the houses of which were built of stone, and had a dusky appearance. Once we saw a shepherd, with his busy and bustling dog, driving in the stray members of the flock. This scene delighted Izzy, for she had often read about shepherds and shepherds' dogs; and Hannah More's beautiful story of the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" she had by heart.

On, on, we went, and in four hours we dashed through the old gray city of St. Denis, plunged under an arch supporting a lofty fortification, and then rushed into a wilderness of streets and buildings. This was Paris. In a few minutes we were at the depot. All around was confusion; but at last I collected my baggage, got my friends into a carriage, and we drove to the hotel.

Thus far the great city had given my companions pain rather than pleasure, they were bewildered with so many strange objects; and when we reached our room and sat down, there was an evident look of weariness and disappointment on both of their faces.

Ike went to the window which looked into a court. Here he saw a couple of dirty-looking coaches, a pair of poodle dogs, a man with a white cap on his head blacking boots, and a woman drawing water from a fountain. "Well," said he, "I don't think much of Paris, after all." Izzy ran to the window and looked into the court. "Do you call this Paris?" said she, disdainfully.

By this time the waiter had brought us our lunch; and a capital one it was. "This," said I, "is Paris," looking at Ike. "How do you like it?" "It tastes real

good!" said he; upon which we had a laugh all around — a fact which will enable the reader to understand that Ike, Izzy, and I, could laugh upon small provocation.

It must not be supposed that we had come so far without first making ourselves acquainted with the great city where we now were. At Havre, we had bought a book, called a "Guide to Paris." This contained pictures, and descriptions of the principal objects of interest; and it had a map, or plan, of the city, which gave a very exact idea of its shape and extent.

We had occasionally looked into this book, and learned many things respecting Paris. We found that it contained more than a million of people; more than twenty of the largest cities in the United States. It is the largest in Europe, excepting London. It is the capital of France, and here the king resides.

Paris is entirely surrounded by two walls of stone, from ten to fifteen feet high. One encloses the city only; the other is one or two miles beyond this, and takes in a large extent of country. The inner wall is nearly twelve miles in length, the city being about four miles across. The River Seine, which is about five hundred feet wide, runs through Paris, and is crossed by several bridges. Numerous boats, and even steamboats, ply upon this river, passing from Paris to Havre. The stream is amazingly crooked, it being nearly three times as far to Havre by this route, as it is by land.

Paris is a city of great antiquity. About two thousand years ago, however, it was a small place, inhabited by rude people, called *Parisii*. They occupied only the little island in the Seine now called the *City*. Here they collected their flocks,

for the country all around was covered with forests, and these were filled with wild beasts.

About fifty years before Christ, a famous Roman general, called *Cæsar*, came with a large army into this country. He conquered the tribes throughout France, and took possession of the city of the *Parisii*. The Romans continued to hold the place for nearly five hundred years. Under their care, Paris became a great metropolis. They built splendid temples, which they dedicated to Jupiter and other gods. Several Roman emperors visited Paris, and many eminent Romans lived here.

The original inhabitants of France were called *Celts*, or *Gauls*. They consisted of several tribes, and the *Parisii* were one of these. About the year 450, Rome herself was conquered by northern barbarians. Unable to maintain her provinces, they fell one by one into other hands. In the year 445, a horde of barbarians, called *Franks*, came rushing into this country from Germany. They took the city of Paris, and established themselves in the surrounding districts. Their leaders became kings of the country, and the name of *Franks*, changed to *France*, is now its designation. Clovis, the first regular king of France, fixed his residence at Paris in the year 524, since which time it has been the capital of the country.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER resting a while at the hotel, we concluded to sally forth and see a little of the great city. Ike and Izzy had put on their best things, and seemed to imagine that every body in Paris was going to take

a sharp look at them. Descending four pairs of stairs, slippery with rubbing and wax, we entered the court of the hotel. Crossing this, we passed under an archway, and were in the open street. On one side was a long range of buildings six stories in height, and uniform in their style of architecture. On the other side was a lofty fence, composed of pieces of iron in the shape of spears, with gilt heads, pointed upward. One of the gates of this barrier was open, and by the side of it was a soldier in full costume, walking back and forth.

Taking my companions by the hand, I crossed the street and entered the gateway. How shall I describe the scene which was before us? It was the most brilliant spot on the face of the globe, — the gardens of the Tuileries.*

This charming place is about half a mile long, and nearly one fourth of a mile wide. On the eastern side is the palace of the Tuileries, extending the entire width of the gardens. Its windows command a view of the whole place, thus presenting to the royal family within a constant spectacle of interest and beauty.

On the southern side, the garden is bounded by an embankment or terrace, which separates it from the Seine. On the western side, it is bounded by embankments, in the centre of which is a wide passage leading into the Elysian Fields. On the northern side is Rivoli Street, by which we entered the gardens, and whose long line of palace-like buildings we have just mentioned.

It is not possible to give a full idea of the beautiful spectacle that was before us.

We stood on an elevated embankment, and commanded an entire view of the place — seventy acres in extent. It was a perfect level, crossed in various directions by smooth gravel-walks, and beautified by numerous enclosures, either covered with green grass or embellished with flowers. Groups of statuary were visible in every direction; circular and oval pools of water, enclosed by hewn stone, and seeming like mirrors set in the earth, were seen here and there. Nearly one half the space is shadowed by lofty trees, beneath which are smooth promenades and grassy enclosures.

But the beauty of the place was heightened by the multitudes of people that were there. It was the latter part of November; yet the sun was bright and warm: men sat reading under the trees, and women were knitting and sewing along the terraces. Hundreds, nay, thousands of people were moving upon the avenues, crossing each other in all directions. But the most interesting part of the scene consisted of the children, sporting along the walks full of frolic and fun. Some drove hoops; some drew little carriages; some ran races; some ran chases; some played with balls; some made ovens in the sand; some jumped; some laughed; but nobody cried. It was a scene of unmixed beauty and enjoyment.

Yet the most pleasing part of the story has not been told: groups of nurses were seen here and there, with infants of all ages and sizes, from the little new-born to the lusty Hercules of two years. These maids were all nicely dressed with gay petticoats and caps, white as the snow. A white handkerchief or gay shawl usu-

* This word is pronounced *Tweel-e-rez*.

ally covered the shoulders; their ruddy cheeks, and bare, plump, red arms, betokened high health. The children they bore about, or dandled in their laps, were evident objects of care and affection; for the most part, they were sumptuously arrayed in rich silken cloaks, gaudily fringed, furred, and tasseled. The plump, rosy face of the child was generally imbedded in lace. The legs showed a brilliant pair of stockings and red morocco shoes. Never have I seen such a set of little kings and queens, as in the arms of these nurses.

But what said Ike and Izzy to all this? Having entered the gate, I paused to take a general view of the scene, and my companions did the same. They said not a word, but ran their eyes hither and thither, seeking to comprehend and embrace the whole at a glance. Izzy looked as if she were in a dream — gazing first at the palace, and then at the statues, and then at the moving multitude. Following one object after another, she came to a group of children immediately before us. A girl of about her own age was dashing by with a hoop; letting go of my hand, and exclaiming, "O, see that hoop!" Izzy bounded down the steps, and flew like a sylph by the side of the girl and her flying toy. Ike, greatly astonished at this unaccountable act of indecorum on the part of his sister, exclaimed, "Izzy, Izzy! come back! come back!" The girl heard the rebuke, and, seeming herself to feel that she had committed a breach of propriety, slowly returned, her face reddening to her very ears.

We now sauntered along the walks, taking a view of every thing that interested us. My companions, usually so in-

quisitive, asked few questions; their hearts were indeed full. At length we returned to our hotel; and it was not until the next day, that I discovered how many things the two children had remarked and remembered.

During our stay in Paris, we often repeated our visit to the gardens of the Tuileries. Every bright day, even during the winter, they were filled with the people, the children always forming a large portion of the multitude. I do not believe there is another place in the world where human life always appears so joyous. It is a scene of perpetual youth — an unfading spring — a constant harvest of flowers.

During the spring and summer, from sunrise till sunset, these gardens are the haunt of young and old, the grave and the gay. At three o'clock in the afternoon, thirty thousand persons may often be seen here, three fourths of whom are women and children. If the weather be fresh, they seek the sunny promenades. If it be hot, they sit or saunter in the deep, cool shade of the trees. Some read, some sew, some gaze, some doze, some walk, some talk, some romp, and some do nothing.

Every one seems to feel the gentle influence of the place; every one is entirely at ease. I never saw a person walk about here seeming to feel that every body was looking at him. When Izzy first entered the gardens, she was thinking a good deal about her new bonnet; and Ike was evidently wondering whether any body would notice his nice new beaver, which he had made smooth as a bottle with the sleeve of his coat. It was the last time, I believe, that either of them ever

thought of their dress in the gardens of the Tuileries. One forgets dress, and ceases to think it an object of importance, in the midst of this gay scene; the reason, I believe, is, that nobody stares at you. All are too well bred for that. You stalk into the gardens, thinking a great deal of yourself, and your new hat and coat. You soon discover that, of all the fifty thousand people around you, nobody cares for you or your fine attire. Every body has come here to be happy, not to gaze or to be gazed at. You dismiss your stiff and stalking airs, and throw your self-conceit aside. You have taken a lesson that should last as long as you live. You have learned the very essence of politeness, which teaches you to think more of others than yourself.

There are some evidences of the pleasing and gentle influences of this spot, which are peculiar and striking. The gold-fishes, which rove by hundreds in the pools, will come to the margin, float to the surface, and make bubbles in your face, expecting thereby to get a crumb of bread or honey-cake; the swans will come floating along, following a group of children around the margin of their basins, and, stretching out their long necks, will take what they can get; the sparrows, which are always trooping about, now popping their heads through a trellis, and now hopping and hitching from right to left, watch the children as they pass, and dart down to pick up a crumb of bread or biscuit that may be thrown to them.

I have sometimes seen Ike and Izzy stand by one of the enclosures in the gardens, feeding these sparrows, for whole hours. Though surrounded by thousands of people, these little birds seem without

fear. They have learned that peace reigns in this spot; that here they are secure from stones, sticks, and arrows, which thoughtless boys are apt to hurl at their devoted heads.

There is a still more striking fact on this subject to be related; flocks of wood-pigeons build and breed in the trees of these gardens. You may always see scores of their nests in the upper branches. Here these birds, naturally so timid, seem perfectly at their ease, with thousands of people walking, talking, sitting, and sauntering around and beneath them. They seem even to have acquired the Parisian taste for this centre of pleasure. They continue here during the whole winter, and will descend on whistling winds to pick up crumbs and cake thrown to them. They are noble birds, a third larger than our house-doves. Their purple breasts shine with the radiance of the sapphire, and each one is decorated with a ring of white, partly encircling its neck. What a lesson do these birds teach us as to the power of gentleness and peace! Even the wood-pigeon — one of the wildest of the feathered tribes — becomes confiding and familiar, where it has learnt from experience that man has ceased to be a destroyer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“THE horseshoe that clatters wants a nail,” is a proverb applied to persons who prate of their wealth, while they are up to the ears in debt.

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.



The Famine in Ireland.

IRELAND is an island but three fourths as large as the state of New York; yet it contains nine millions of inhabitants. It is a very fertile island, and, though large portions of it are uncultivated, it still produces enough for the comfort of its people.

Unfortunately, these products are not permitted to stay in Ireland, to give subsistence to the people. A large portion of every thing produced in the country is sent to England, or elsewhere, to pay for taxes, and to pay the rents to rich proprietors who own the land, but live in London, Paris, or other gay places.

Thus Ireland is subjected to a constant system of grasping, which takes away its wealth, and leaves the country in a state

of poverty. A few are rich, for they own fine houses and extensive lands. These have fat horses, splendid carriages, plenty of dogs; so they ride, drive, hunt, race, chase, fish, and frolic, all the year round.

But the great mass of the people are miserably poor, and so they have continued for many generations. In no part of the Christian world are there such multitudes of families living in hovels, half clad, half fed, ignorant, and unclean, as here.

England has reigned over Ireland for 500 years. Why, then, has she permitted this state of things for centuries in Ireland? England can send missionaries all over the world to convert the heathen to Christianity; she can pay a hundred

millions of dollars to abolish slavery in her colonies; she can plant colonies in every clime, and belt the world with the institutions of civilization; yet she seems not to heed the miseries, the destitution, and degradation of Ireland.

In Ireland, and especially among the poorer classes, there are many Catholic priests, to whom the people are devoted. Now, Catholic priests are sent to China, India, Syria, Africa, America, and the thousand islands of the sea, at great expense, to make proselytes. Yet millions in Ireland are left almost totally uneducated, even in reading and writing; and hundreds of thousands, who are devoted Catholics, go unwashed, uncombed, from week to week; thus, under the very eyes of their reverend teachers, they grow up destitute of the instinct of cleanliness common to beasts and to birds.

Ireland can boast in her annals many celebrated orators. Why have not these made the halls of British legislation ring with the peal of British wrongs, and British crimes, toward Ireland?

Ireland has produced, in modern times, a man of great fame — Daniel O'Connell. He is just dead, having expired at Genoa, in Italy, in May last. He has professed great love for the Irish — he has made a multitude of great speeches — he has agitated the whole country by his great talk. Five millions of Irish people placed their faith in this man, and would have gone to the death at his bidding. Never before did a man seem to possess such power to do good. Yet what did he accomplish? He overlooked practical and possible good — he promised what he knew could never be realized. He deluded the people with false hopes and vain expectations. He

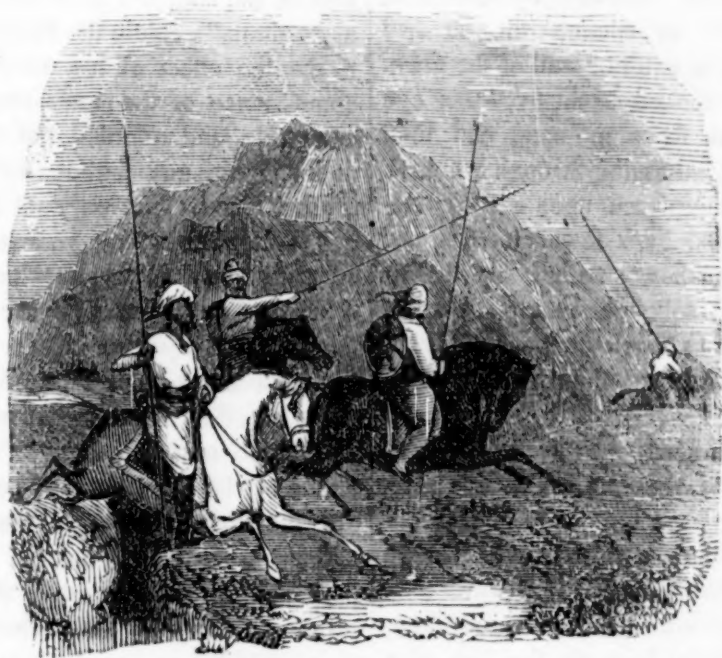
held monster meetings; he talked loud and long; he got a great deal of money penny by penny from the pockets of the poor; yet what good did he really do to Ireland?

He is gone, leaving his country in a state of misery almost unknown in the annals of human suffering. Year by year the poverty of Ireland has become greater and greater; year by year the misery of the people seemed to increase. In the southern and western portions of the country they have greatly multiplied, the soil being covered with a population at the rate of one family to an acre of ground. This family lived in a mud hovel, fit only for cattle; they hired an acre of ground, paying fifteen or twenty dollars as rent for the hut and the land. The ground was planted with potatoes, and the crop constituted the entire food of the family, from year to year.

Thus the land was thickly spread over with a population depending solely upon potatoes for subsistence. By a mysterious dispensation, Providence interfered and destroyed this root; a blight, which no human sagacity has been able to trace, swept away the only food of millions. What came then? Hunger, want, starvation, despair, disease, and death! What scenes of horror have lately desolated poor Ireland!

Half a million of persons have fallen victims to the famine, and probably as many more will perish before the evil is arrested. Hundreds and thousands are flying from this doomed island; the greater part of them are seeking our shores. The stars and stripes speak to them of a land of *liberty* and *bread*. O, let them find our country to be a land of refuge from

their sorrows! Grateful ourselves to Providence, that, while the rest of the world are suffering from famine, we are living in the midst of abundance, let us extend a kind and helping hand to these poor fugitives from oppression, sorrow, and despair.



The Mahrattas.

THE Mahrattas are a powerful people of Hindostan, who seem to be of great antiquity, though it is only in modern times that they have acquired general notice.

They are divided into three tribes — the farmers, the shepherds, and the cowherds. Ever since they have been known to the rest of the world, they have made a constant trade of war, and have particularly excelled as cavalry. They are of a rather diminutive stature, but very active and enterprising; and, in the recent wars of Hindostan, they became highly distinguished. The chief weapon used by their horsemen is a sabre, in the use of which,

and the management of their horses, they are extremely dexterous. Their cavalry make very long marches, and endure great fatigue. They sometimes give opium to their horses, to carry them through the sufferings of a forced march.

A Mahratta camp always contains a bazaar, or market, at which a brisk trade is carried on; and these markets constitute a considerable source of revenue to the princes. Every merchant belonging to a market pays a duty, and the same is done by the dancing-girls and pickpockets, who follow the camp by hundreds to exercise their vocations.

The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 28.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Peruvian, followed by Chicama, proceeded in silence till he had reached the exterior wall of the town.

He now looked back, fixed his eye upon Chicama for a moment, and then went forward. Passing through a breach in the wall, he entered upon a rocky declivity, occupied by a few stunted trees. The moon was now shining, and the interpreter, as if solicitous of concealment, chose a route as much as possible lying within the shadow of projecting rocks and trees.

As he advanced, the scene became more wild and desolate. On one side, running along upon the verge of a steeping cliff, was the wall of the town. On the other, the rocks shelved downward to a wooded valley, which now seemed like a lake, reposing far beneath the foot of a mountain. At last, coming to a point of a rock, which projected over the abyss, the Peruvian paused. Chicama approached, but at some little distance. Observing the strange, wild aspect of the place, he hesitated a moment; but after a little reflection he went forward, and stood by the side of the Indian.

The latter was the first to speak.

"You have signified a desire," said he, "to have some conversation with me. What now is your will?"

"You are a Peruvian?" said Chicama.

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," said Chicama, "as such, it is impossible that you should not respect those whose veins are filled with the blood of Manco Capac." He paused for a re-

ply, but the Peruvian only said, "Proceed."

Chicama continued. "As a Peruvian, you must have a reverence for the worship of the sun, and those that administer at its altars." Again the Spaniard paused, to see the effect of his words. But the countenance of the interpreter was cold as marble, and afforded not the slightest indication of any feeling within. After a short space, Chicama went on.

"It is obvious that you are acquainted with these strangers which have arrived at Caxamalca, and are now in the hands of the Spanish chief; you cannot be indifferent to their fate. Will you not make an effort for their deliverance?"

A smile now passed over the countenance of the Peruvian, and he spoke. "I am the interpreter of Pizarro. What is there in me which has led you to suppose that I could be made the dupe of some shallow trick, or, at best, the abettor of an idle intrigue? The black eye of Runa has kindled the fire in a young man's bosom, and he expects me to assist him in gratifying his wishes."

Shocked at this interpretation of his conduct, Chicama replied, fiercely, "Dare not to speak such words as these to me. I am a true man, and have no purposes but such as I avow. Say nothing of Runa which is unworthy of an inca's daughter, or priestess of the sun."

"Brave words!" said the Indian, sneeringly; "but I have learned that words are wind. You are a Spaniard; yet you are here in the disguise of a Peruvian. You appeal to me as a Peruvian, and seem to count upon my patriotism; yet you are here plotting and counterplotting against your countrymen. This

is a riddle, yet easily solved. You are a young man, and Runa is beautiful."

Irritated by this, Chicama stepped forward, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the Peruvian. The latter seized Chicama, in return. Firmly grappled, the two stood for a moment, first gazing at each other, and then casting a glance into the dusky abyss which yawned beneath them. The Indian was the first to speak.

"Do as you please, young man!" said he; "hurl me down the precipice, if you will; but you shall go with me! If my limbs shall become a feast for the vulture, he shall feed also on thee!"

"I am wrong; I am wrong," said Chicama, after a moment's reflection. "Your suspicions are natural. It is proper I should explain my situation. Yet how can I trust one whom I find in the service of Pizarro?"

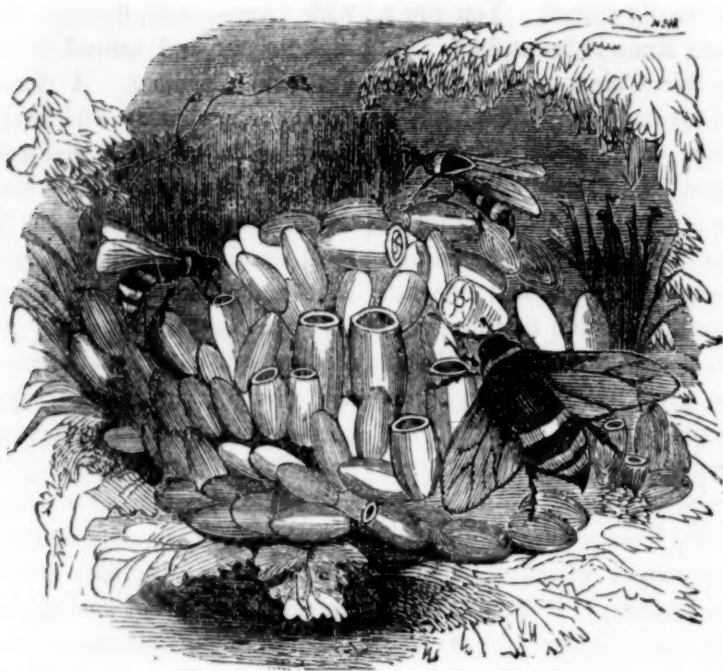
"I know not how it may be," said the Peruvian, "with the white man; but the surest way to win the confidence of an Indian is, to repose confidence in him."

"That is just and natural," said Chicama. "I will confide in you; if you betray me, I shall find means of revenge. Listen, for I will now tell you my story. I came to Peru in Pizarro's train. One night I wandered from my comrades, and met with a company of priestesses of the sun. Attracted by curiosity, I came near to them, when one of their guard despatched an arrow which laid me lifeless upon the ground. I should have perished but for the interference of Runa; through her care I was taken to a place of safety, and treated in such a manner as insured my recovery. I need not detail the course of subsequent events. It is sufficient to say, that I became acquainted

with Orano, and, through him, with the high lineage and sacred character of the Peruvian maiden. I have travelled through the country, and have seen something of the manners and customs of the Peruvian people. I have seen and noted the desolating march of the Spaniard. I must confess the truth—I abhor the conduct and career of my countrymen. I see that they have come to a country smiling with peace and plenty, but to ravage and destroy. I see that they have come hither, professing to bring a pure and holy religion to the benighted heathen, yet using this only as a cover to the basest cruelty. Missionaries of God they pretend to be; but they are the slaves of avarice, and every evil passion. Whatever may be the consequence, my purpose is fixed; I will never serve again in the bloody train of Pizarro! I would sooner leap from this rock, and leave my bones to bleach in the wind. Having deserted my troop, I can never return to Spain. From my country I am henceforth an exile. One duty have I to perform: for the rest I have little care. I will make one effort to save this princess from the tiger in whose power she now is."

The interpreter watched the countenance of Chicama with intense interest, while he uttered these words. At the close he said, "You have spoken nobly, young man; and though you are a Spaniard, I doubt not you have spoken truly. Your confidence in me shall not be reposed in vain. I serve Pizarro as an interpreter, but no further. I will aid you in an attempt to deliver Runa from her present peril. But let us enter this cave where we can talk more freely."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Humble-Bee.

THE humble-bee, which is very often called *bumble-bee*, owes its name to the humming noise by which its flight is always announced.

It lives in societies of twenty, fifty, or one hundred together. They dwell in hollow trees, cavities of the earth, or tufts of moss. They collect honey from plants, and store it up in cells, though it is doubtful whether they intend it for winter provision. They are remarkably subject to torpidity, and, towards the end of autumn, they may be seen, languid and inactive, on the few flowers that yet remain in the gardens and woods, quite incapable of defending themselves from injury.

The life of nearly the whole swarm of humble-bees seems to end with the season. Only a few individuals are preserved, and

these by accident; how they survive the winter is not known. Very few of them appear in spring; and it is not till the heat of summer, or rather later, that they become numerous. The manners of the humble-bees differ from those of the honey-bees in many important points. They never kill their drones, as the latter do, and are much less disposed to make use of their stings.

AMONG the Chinese, a handsome man must be fat, with little, piggish eyes, a flat nose, and large ears. The natives of the Ladrone Islands think no one handsome who has not black teeth and white hair.

A WAGER is a fool's argument.



Algiers.

ALGIERS is the capital of one of the Barbary States, also called Algiers. It was taken by the French in 1830. They have ever since retained it, giving it the name of *Algeria*.

The whole population is supposed to be two millions. The capital was easily taken by the French, but the people of the country have fought desperately. A very remarkable man, named Abd el Kader, has roused the inhabitants to resistance; and even yet the interior of the country is unsubdued.

The inhabitants of Algiers are what are called *Moors*. They are nearly as black as negroes; yet they have European features, and straight or curled hair. The pipe-seller, in the picture at the head of this article, may give a good idea of the indolence and indifference of an Algerine shopkeeper.

SIR WALTER SCOTT commonly expected a visitor at his house to stay three days, which he called the *rest-day*, the *drest-day*, and the *prest-day*.



The Mamertine Prison, at Rome.

THE Mamertine prison is one of the oldest of all the antiquities of Rome. It was constructed, as we are told by Livy, by Ancus Martius, about 600 years before Christ.

Juvenal, in one of his Satires, refers to those virtuous and happy times, under the kings and tribunes, when one prison was sufficient to contain all the criminals of Rome ; alluding, no doubt, to this ancient structure. It is a dungeon, under ground, cut out of the solid rock, with an upper story of rude stone masonry. A church is now built over the whole, and the curious visitor, who wishes to explore these dreary precincts, descends a flight of steps from the church, into the upper story of the prison, when he finds himself in a cell about twenty feet long and thirty wide. This is now converted into an oratorio.

This cell has no window, but is kept constantly lighted with blazing tapers, and the walls glitter with shrines and offerings. In the floor is a circular opening, which leads to the frightful dungeon beneath. Into this horrid receptacle the prisoners were thrown, who were condemned to be starved to death, according to the barbarous practice of the Romans. In this manner died Jugurtha, the king of Numidia, whose history has been so ably written by Sallust. Here Lentulus, Cethegus, and other accomplices of Catiline, were strangled. Sejanus, the minister of Tiberius, ended his days here.

It was the general custom of the Romans to lead captive kings and princes, in their triumphal processions, through the streets of the city, and then to cast them into the Mamertine dungeon to die. This

practice alone is sufficient to display the barbarous and ferocious manners of a people whose military glory has dazzled the eyes of the universe.

The Mamertine prison is now consecrated to St. Peter the apostle. According to the traditions of the Romans, St. Peter and St. Paul were both confined in this dungeon by order of Nero. The former, during his imprisonment, converted his two jailers, Processus and Martinianus, to Christianity. These persons desired to be baptized; but there was no water in the prison, and it was forbidden to introduce any for the use of the apostles. In this emergency, a fountain miraculously burst up from the ground, and the apostle baptized his converts.

In confirmation of this story, a spring of water is shown actually bubbling up out of the rock. The pillar to which St. Peter was bound in the dungeon, is also exhibited to the eyes of believers. The people kneel before these venerated objects, and never suspect that the story is an invention of modern times, adapted to a spot which has been famous from the earliest ages of the city.

To illustrate the manner in which these legends have their origin, we may relate another fable, of St. Peter. It is stated that he went to Rome to oppose Simon Magus, or Simon the Magician, who is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Their first interview was held in the presence of Nero. Simon flew up into the air, in the sight of the emperor and all the people. But the devil, who raised him, on hearing the name of Jesus invoked by the apostle, was struck with such terror, that he let him fall to the ground and break his legs.

There is little doubt this story is taken from Suetonius, who speaks of a person, in the public sports, having undertaken to fly in the presence of Nero. In this attempt he fell to the ground, and bespattered the emperor with his blood.

Chalk

Is a species of mineral formation, containing the relics of marine organized bodies, and also the hard parts of amphibious and land animals. The chalk-hills in England are of greater extent than in any other country; they run nearly from east to west, parallel to each other, though separated by ranges of sandstone, and low tracts of gravel and clay. The loftiest commences at Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire, and proceeds westward for nearly twenty miles. Two ridges traverse the midland counties, and reach as far east as the borders of Oxfordshire; in Bedfordshire they approach near to each other. South of the Thames there are two ridges, one commencing at the North and South Foreland, passing through the north of Kent, the middle of Surrey, and the north of Hampshire, including the North Downs of Banstead and Epsom; the other, commencing near Hastings, at Beachy Head, passes through the south of Hampshire into Dorsetshire, including the South Downs. The more compact kinds of chalk are used as building-stone, or are burnt to lime; it is employed in making whitening, in polishing metals and glass, for constructing moulds, and for what is called *whitewashing*. It is an excellent manure for sandy soils, as it exterminates the corn-marigold, or *ox-eye*, which abounds in such lands.

IN the middle ages, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all-fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom were adopted at the present day, we are afraid there would be more bow-wow-ing than the public would find agreeable.

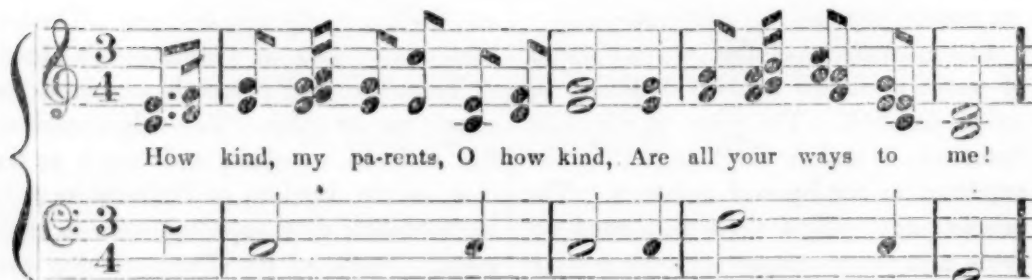
THE excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest many years after date.

SECRECY. — When the Duke of Wellington was prime minister of England, some crafty person attempted, by sly questions, to get a certain state secret out of him. "Sir," said the duke, "if I thought the hair of my head knew what was inside of it, I would have it shaved, and wear a wig."

MARRIAGE is said to be a feast, where the *grace* is sometimes better than the dinner.

Filial Affection.

MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE. COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



How kind, my pa-rents, O how kind, Are all your ways to me!



The to-kens of your love I find Wherev-er I may be.

Before I lisped your honored names,
You fed and held me up;
And now, when older, stronger grown,
Your blessings fill my cup.

Your tender care hath trained my heart
To duty and to God;

O, may I ne'er from these depart,
Or leave the heavenly road!

Let me observe your every law,
Your kindness to repay;
Becoming wiser year by year,
And better day by day.